

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,

A Veluer dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knacke, a toy, a trickie, a babies cap:

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haist.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it will breake,

And rather then it shall, I will be free,

Euen to the vttermoost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,

A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,

And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stufte is heere?

Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,

What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?

Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slash and slash,

Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a deuils name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. Oh see thees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,

According to the fashion, and the time,

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me ouer every kennell home,

For you shall hop without my custome sir:

Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She saies your Worship meanes to make a

puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:

Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,

Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter crickets thou:

Brau'd in mine owne house with a skaine of thred:

Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou liu'st:

I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tai. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made

Iust as my master had direction:

Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marrie sir with neede and thred.

Tai. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Grumio. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I haue.

Grumio. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men
braue not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brau'd. I say
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Grumio. The note lies in's throte if he say I said so.

Tai. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Grumio. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-
tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Grumio. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunkie sleeue.

Grumio. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Grumio. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where thou shouldst know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no
oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grumio. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

Grumio. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistress
gowne for thy masters vse.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grumio. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistress gowne to his masters vse.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid:
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hasty words:

Grumio. I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tai.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darke clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Lark,
Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountest it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seven a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

Yo

You are still crossing it, sir, let alone.

I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,

It shall be what a clocke I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Pet. I what else, and but I be deceiued,

Signior *Baptista* may remember me.

Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,

'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Pet. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Biond. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Biond. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,

And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes *Baptista*: see your countenance sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted
and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Pet. Soft son: sit by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*?

Madame acquainted with a wayghy cause

Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best

We be affied and such assurance tane,

As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,

Besides old *Grumio* is harkning still,

And happilie we might be interrupted:

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you?

There doth my father lie: and there this night

I will repose.

Weele passe the businesse priu-

Send for your daughter by you

My Boy shall fetch the Scriuen

The worst is this that at so slen

You are like to haue a thin and

Bap. It likes me well:

Cambio hie you home, and bi

straight:

And if you will tell what hath

Lucentio Father is arriued in

And how she's like to be *Lucentio*

Biond. I praie the gods she

Tram. Dallie not with the

Enter Pet.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade

We come, one messe is like to

Come sir, we will better it in

Bap. I follow you.

Enter Lucentio and

Biond. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biond*?

Biond. You saw my Master

you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but

to expound the meaning or me

kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize

Biond. Then thus: *Baptista*

deceiuing Father of a deceitfu

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to b

supper.

Luc. And then.

Biond. The old Priest at Saint

command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Biond. I cannot tell, expect

counterfeit assurance: take y

preuilegio ad Impremendum folio

Priest, Clarke, and some suffice

If this be not that you looke fo

But bid *Bianca* farewell for eu

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*?

Biond. I cannot tarry: I k

afternoone as shee went to th

stufte a Rabit, and so may yo

Master hath appointed me to

the Priest be readie to come a

appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if she l

She will be pleas'd, then whe

Hap what hap may, Ile round

It shall goe hard if *Cambio* go

Enter Petruchio, Kate

Petr. Come on a Gods na

fathers:

Good Lord how bright and g

Kate. The Moone, the Su

now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone t

Kate. I know it is the Sunn

Pet. Now by my mothers